

Copy of a letter E. B. Cotton wrote to his Father
the day dear Sarah passed away —
12 - 3 1875 -

Dear Father.

That wedding ~~thou~~ projected
to ~~take place~~ ^{be at the} year's meeting - has taken
place - and I am not the bridegroom
but was able to rejoice exceedingly at
surrendering her to Him - I had given
her up on fourth day evening - and felt
a great calm - no anxiety as to the result
but a sort of cheerfulness tho' I could not
tell what it portended nor what the result
would be. On fourth day evening diarrhea
set in (they were hot days & nights) strongly.
I went for the Dr (Benjafield) who gave her
brandy & milk every hour & two sorts of medi-
cine. She sank rapidly, till she would lie
with her mouth open and her eyes ^{nearly} closed -
& turned up - but would again rally - After three
night she appeared to get stronger - Miss
Skillicock was summoned by telegraph and
came down about 12 at night - On fifth day
she brightened up till noon and that day
the stomach began to distend - in the
afternoon she opened her eyes very brightly

and insisted on talking in quite a strong
clear full voice about her furniture. Her
trouble was that she was married, and at
the "Bond", which was as empty as when she saw it,
while tons & tons of her furniture was crowding the
house here and no where to put it, "It was such a
stupid thing, that's what vexed me," they were there
8 months, and 2 assessors always going "It was
wicked to send a young married woman into
a house in the country without sixpence worth
of furniture" and then she would laugh at it
and make it over, recounting her furniture that
was waiting - so earnest and still she would
say "yes I'll be quiet" when asked to stop, and
again break out at intervals saying at last
or a hymn slowly & softly to her Mother, and
speak of the "peace that filled all the room"
and of the Love of the Saviour speaking
always in a reverential & glowing manner of Him.
Then in the evening the convulsions were
more frequent & severe and her voice qui-
etened with the jerking of her whole frame.
Her eyes open to the widest possible & looked
up, and the forehead corrugated with the
spasm, and in a loud voice (at times at
most a shout) she prayed or sang very
rapidly - altho she went round & round
yet there was great variety in the words

sometimes showing high culture, and so earnest & correctly toned in spite of the tremor & anguish - If she mispronounced a word she would try again & again till she got it right - She prayed for her dear Parents and for all - but sometimes she would break to a whisper and we didnt hear many names John was clear enough & there seemed great agony of mind for him, lest he should rebel "fight, fight, fight, fight" she said with increasing emphasis and prayed earnestly for him - for Joseph that he might not "hurt himself" - evidently an allegory - and she would set out the only ground of acceptance, & the necessity of beginning early in life in the right way, said "she had nothing of her own to trust to - she had been so wicked and must be lost, what ever shall I do?" losing for a little the reason of her acceptance she repeated "lost" many times in a horror of ^{phantasy} ~~fever~~ ^{then suddenly saw the way and better} - I held her hands that would keep twitching & fits of catching at imaginary things would come on - catching my hair & face, as if she couldnt reach what she could see & often smiling & looking & speaking kindly - So she passed hours until after 12 - all this delirium showed what had passed in her mind for years very little of it known to any - it was distressing to witness yet made

made us so thankful - amongst it all she
once asked "for one hour's quiet before I go
just one hour" - and she always began with
"Oh my own gracious heavenly Father - I be-
seech thee" - such love and reverence & plead-
ing in the tones, tho' rising & shaking by the
convulsions - The darling, I could not wish
to detain her a minute all these days, and
did only ask if it might be, for an easy passage
for her - At length she left off talking and
only gasped very loud at the end of each
breath, and in ~~an hour~~ these began to get
easier, & the spasms less frequent & her mouth
more open, & the eyes closed - and we sum-
moned the family & James & J B M & W May.
Soon her arms and hands lost their rigidity
& became soft & pliable and the fever heat to
subside - and she closed her mouth and eyes
neatly and lay her dear head back com-
posedly on the pillow and breathed strongly,
but more & more soft & smoothly - and I
moved the wet cloth from her head &
smoothed the bright soft hair - soon
seeing her head was a little too bent.
I removed an under pillow and her
bare and beautiful throat played
softly - James stood by me and there



was such a feeling of triumph, that
 neither of ^{us} could believe she would go -
 but the breathing stopped for a little, & went
 on again & presently softly & more softly
 and another little stop, and on more softly
 still, and solemnity came down on us
 and it stopped altogether and her face grew
 bright & brighter - and she my hearts life
 entered into the "joy of her Lord" - and a
 love that felt like hers, used to come to
 me, came rippling & scuffling into my heart
 & I stood still - "A Princess" or "my Princess"
 is her name, and she looked it - and
 surpassingly more she looks ^{like} it for ever -
 So she had her "hour" of utter peace before
 she departed - and with her my crown.
 I don't feel it as long as I look at her
 spirit, but oh herself is yet so beautiful
 such a splendor of a little head & white smooth
 regal forehead - and softly pencilled brow
 the chin cloth only shows the beautiful oval
 of her head - just as a "Grand" should look
 She is to be laid below Maria & beside
 her brother George - whom in her praying
 she called to come to me my ^{own} previous
 Georgie - too much of this but excuse
 it. I have thy letter & will, ^{perhaps} execute the commissions

Love to all and Mother — There will
be a spare side saddle now *

thine

Edward -

* one of the commissions -

Extract of a letter of Edward Cottons
to a Friend -

"Dearest Sarah was ever modest, unobtrusive, intelligent, vigilant, careful of the welfare of others, quiet, having fervent charity, loving exceedingly much, quiet but always able to speak well, with lovable humility with eyes attent to some work mostly, but which made a light when as often they were quietly lifted - always herself in every situation and I have seen her where there was occasion for faith or hope, as a stranger, or perplexed, weary, belated, lagged - and I saw her killed - She was equal to all - I never heard any murmur, or one thought of herself, but of every one else - She ever remembered every thing which had otherwise been forgotten; and it was amusing how she could produce any thing that was needed anywhere - How many now say of her, that tho' to visitors she never did the talking, or seemed engaged with the children (whom she loved, and who loved her everywhere and with whom she had great power) yet wherever she came, good seemed to

be strengthened - yes, for like "Mary"
she "sat at Jesus' feet" and heard
His word and ~~he~~ it is who strengthens
the good, is the power, thus she was
what she was - the pleasantest of all pos-
sible companions in any circumstances,
and thus she too could "excel in thought"
I think thou knowest ^{how} when she was last
here (in 2nd mo 1875) with Emma. I was
engaged seeing to the ~~bricks~~ ^{bricks} painting and papering of the
house, at the "Bend", and to the masons
who were building the walls ^{within} of the tank
I had excavated, & puddling his work &
so I was not much at home. - They ar-
ranged a picnic - to meet by the river
on "Belmont" near the "Bend" and
from thence Sarah & I went over to
the house, which was then finished.
Robert Walker was at the picnic - he
had a deed with the Inn Keeper at
"Avoca" to meet him, wife & family, on
a certain day at the top of the "Leir"
(half way from "Swansea" to "Avoca")
his wife & children had taken measles
and could not go, and there was no post
day intervening to stop the conveyance,

"Shouldn't it suit us to meet it" - we
had arranged to stay some days more,
but I saw - we both ~~thought~~ it was best
to meet ~~that~~ cart - it was done, -
Joseph drove them to meet it, I
rode from Meis to "Belmont" by the
side of the gig, and they went on se-
cond day the 15-2-1875. - (E. C. Cotts
came up to Town and saw her on the
8/3rd Mo) "I found the fever had
made progress - she did not know
me - she told her Mother "a stranger
was in the room", and I am not sure
she ever recognised me - for tho' she
could answer a question from the
Dr^r and do as she was told - yet the
question only roused her intellect long
enough to answer it, and if she continued
the sentence longer than the shortest pos-
sible reply - she rambled - I was only
let in to see her with the stipulation that
I was not to talk to her, or allow her to
talk to me - like a fool, I obeyed - a fool
implicitly, because I did not care to
test by experiment - I was willing to
wait till she was better for her recogni-
tion (and she is in the only way I ever

expected) so she kept on never sleeping
a moment — It was plain by her voice,
where she spoke with her understanding
and where the delirium came in — that
sounded like repeating some thing that
she was trying to hear — or to remember —
She was forbid to talk and was instantly
obedient — that was native to her —
For our sakes I wish I had not asked
her to be quiet on more than one oc-
casion — some times she would repeat
a verse of a hymn or more, often a text
to her Mother, never to any one else ^{that was her},
once she looked at her Mother, and
said "say it" — and her Mother said it —
On 4th day evening diarrhea set in, and she
rapidly sank till she seemed to be going,
but again rallied — I shall not follow the
course of the disease — on 5th day she seem-
ed stronger till noon — In the afternoon
she opened her eyes very brightly and
insisted on talking in quite a strong
clear full voice, 'tho she always ^{said} ~~just~~
"yes I will be quiet" but directly burst
out again — She seemed to believe she
was married, and at the "Bend" with
the house as bare as when we saw it

— while the house at home ^{was} crowded with her furniture — "It was such a stupid thing that's what vexes me, they were there 3 months and two vessels going (to Swansea) always, it was wicked to send a young married woman into the country without a scipene worth of furniture" — then she would laugh, and enumerate her furniture, and say again it was so stupid that's what vexes me." I laugh again and promise to be quiet and laugh again — There were fits of convulsive quivering, which shook & quivered her voice but she did not seem to notice them — At times she would repeat ^{pieces of} a hymn or a passage of scripture to Mother, slowly and softly she would speak — and told of the peace that seemed to fill the room, and sometimes of the love of the Saviour, speaking over in a loving and reverential manner of Him — and ever passages showed her mind wandered. She was quieter until 8 o'clock about, when the convulsions or spasms increased, were more frequent and severe, and she talked again, now mostly repeating Psalms or prayer — her voice was very low and quivered with the jerking and twitching of all her frame — She would look with wide

open eyes, as if there was something near, but not easily seen and catch at it, sieging my hair or face, and catching again, and the spasms would corrugate her forehead till it was little & three cornered - but she never heeded herself, but uttered praise or prayer or a psalm - sometimes sang (which I never heard her do when well - but her voice was strong to a shout - Her Father came and stayed with her then and I was standing a little way off - we were speaking whether I should go to meeting (the sittings are always held in the evenings) dear Sarah said "yes go" and I went - I told several Friends who asked after her that if they wished to see her they had better come at once, for I did not think she could last much past mid night - I dont remember whether it was then, or some other time, after some persons had gone that she asked "what was the meeting for Ma" - and once, I forget when she turned her face to her Mother standing some little distance away and said "What say Ma" - who not replying - she lifted her head and said "What didst thou say" - Looking so anxious to know and obey. Her head was too heavy for her, and it

sank back. Mother stepped to her not speaking, and she still asked — Ah! she never complained — but that was a piteous bleat for succour, and the tone must ring in my heart and in my ears 'till I die — 'till I die — She was still speaking more loudly and the convulsions were more strong and frequent, when I returned from meeting. She was speaking much the same as before going round a good deal, but with much variety in the words — often expressing herself with rare beauty, and earnestly and correctly toned, in spite of the quivering — And if she did mispronounce a word — she would she would try again & again 'till she said it rightly — but there was, all the time the sound in her voice that told it was being repeated. I could feel it was just the life she had lived showing now the veil of silence was lifted — She prayed for her "dear Parents" and for all — but often her voice in prayer only whispered, and we did not hear many names — My brother John's name I heard, and there seemed an agony of mind for him lest he should rebel "fight, fight, fight, fight," she said with increasing emphasis, and prayed earnestly for him —

She would set out the alone ground of a
sinners acceptance, and speak of the value
of obedience, from early life - said "nothing
of my own to trust to" - I have been wicked
and must be lost" - this too was just repeat-
ed like as if an abstract truth - but the
word lost seemed to rouse her and she
said "lost" "What shall I do, lost, lost"
and seeming to lose sight of the reason
for acceptance she had so lately set forth,
and only seeing there was "nothing of my own
to trust to" - she repeated the word lost in
many times in a horror of agony - but there
was prayer in the tone, and presently she
saw the tangle of the delirium and uttered
thanksgiving for the way. And so again
when some one said her Father had
better go and lie down - she said "dont leave
me oh my Father" and repeated it as if He
were going to leave her and she would be
lost - it was terrible to see - but again
He came to her help & the spirit came above
the tangle of the fevered but splendid brain
so she passed hours - came in her nat-
ural voice, and with her understanding
she asked for "an hours peace before I go
just one hour" - all her petitions began

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with "Oh my gracious Heavenly Father" with such reverence and love in the tone the words were Oh my own gracious heavenly Father I beseech thee — I could put down many of her sayings if it were any use — how she said "there ~~was~~ need there was to watch allways — momentarily" — and tried hard to find a word to express more frequently — making a mistake, and then rectifying it — then she said we must "work, watch & pray," repeating these three words — very many psalms she repeated portions of, but not as they stand — but thus

9⁶ & 7 — Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory & strength

8th — Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name, bring an offering & come into his court

1st — O sing unto the Lord a new song — sing unto the Lord all the earth. — 2nd Sing unto the Lord, bless His holy name — shew forth his salvation from day to day — 11th & 9th — O Israel, trust thou in the Lord, He is their help and their shield — 10th — O house of Aaron, trust in the Lord — he is their help and their shield. — 11th — Ye that fear the Lord, trust in the Lord, he is their help and their shield — (how ⁱⁿ each word "rings" the sound of a voice that is still.) 9^{3rd} & 3rd — The floods have lifted up O Lord, the floods

have lifted up their voice, the floods lift
up their waves - 4th The Lord on high is
mightier than the noise of many waters
yea than the mighty waves of the sea
29th + 9th Give unto the Lord O ye mighty
give unto the Lord glory & strength -
2nd Give unto the Lord the glory due unto
his name - worship the Lord in the beauty
of holiness - 3rd The voice of the Lord is
upon the waters, the God of glory thundereth
The Lord is upon many waters - 4th The
voice of the Lord is powerful, the voice of
the Lord is full of majesty - 10th The Lord
sitteth upon the flood - yea the Lord sitteth
King for ever - 11th The Lord will give
strength to his people the Lord will bless
his people with peace " At length
she ceased speaking - and only grunted
loudly at the end of each breath, and
then in a little while became more easy
and the convulsive jerking to be less frequent
Her Father said she is going now some
summoned the family - I have the
letter by me that I wrote to Father the
next day - but I have not the heart to
copy it - say only - we watched her "hour
of peace" and her blissful departure -
felt the solemnity and the triumph -

It was hard to stand by and see
~~the disease~~ kill her body & brain, to
stand by with health & strength enough
for several ordinary people and not be
able to help at all - it had been easier
give it all - but to see that calm, and
calmer sleep - which never was broken
and shall only be when that "trumpet
shall sound" and the glorified spirit
shall be brought back to wake that
precious body, which then wore a
regal look as if it felt the truth - one
could almost shout "Glory to God in
the highest" - only silence was better
indeed. all that was said (and few
words they were, sounded like interruption
but I didn't hear - and often as I
go over those (say centuries) and that
is often indeed I come to the triumph
at the end. So He giveth his beloved
Sleep" or rest -